

JUNIOR RED CROSS

December 1923 **NEWS** "I Serve"



R.M. UPJOHN

His Christmas Dinner (Alaskan Eskimos and Bear)

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN



STOUX INDIAN (U. S.)

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed
God bless Us Every One!"



AMERICAN (U. S.)



ALBANIAN



CHINESE



ENGLISH



RUMANIAN



ARAB (TUNIS)



ITALIAN



ESKIMO (U. S.)



BELGIAN

Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

The Teacher's Page

BY ELIZABETH D. FISHER

Junior Red Cross in the School—School Correspondence

HOW can we, as teachers, use school correspondence in our class rooms to best advantage? There are many possibilities.

Our children want answers to their letters. We are interested to have these letters as well as portfolios, costume dolls, miniature furniture, and the like, coming into our schools from foreign lands.

Frequent Exchanges We can bring this about by having our children write frequently to their foreign correspondents, not waiting for replies.

No class will want to make fewer than two exchanges during the year. If a class desires to make four or even six exchanges, they can plan accordingly and interest their foreign friends in these plans. No doubt they are just as eager for frequent exchanges as we are.

ANY group of children will begin correspondence by sending a letter, followed during the year by other letters, portfolios, and models. What kind of letters will our children write? In the first letter they will want to introduce themselves to their new friends. This is an excellent opportunity for each child to write a dignified, friendly letter. It sets the problem for him to learn the proper form for such a letter and to consider good taste in what to say and how to say it. After the individual letters are written how is each child to judge his letter? Here the class letter is indispensable. To make the class letter, the children may choose the best individual letter and modify it and add to it from the other letters. In such a discussion everything is weighed—form of letter, spelling and punctuation, thought conveyed, and beauty of expression. What an unusual opportunity for discussion of choice of words and phrases!

Class Letters In this way the class produces a splendid letter which is a credit to the school and worthy of being painstakingly translated for foreign children. There is also larger value. Such work tends to make any group conscious that they are sharing in an important enterprise; that they are American children exchanging ideas with a group of foreign children; that what they send represents America and her standards to these foreign friends.

WHAT charm the letter from Italian children holds! So does the industrial portfolio from Hawaiian youngsters, and the miniature furniture made and decorated by Czechoslovakian Juniors. The charm to the children who received these lies largely in the fact that boys and girls far across the waters in strange and more or less unreal lands fashioned these things for them. This feeling is valuable; we want to cultivate it. It is through such activities and attendant feelings that our children have the ex-

periences which will become the basis of their world understanding.

There is another more obvious value in this school correspondence material. Tucked away in the letter, in the portfolio, and in the furniture are facts of the life of these peoples, their problems and triumphs, their emotions and aspirations, which may be extracted to clothe the dry bones of history, geography, and other school subjects with colorful life and personal interest.

AFTER using and enjoying the letters, portfolios, and hand work, the children will want to share them with others. How to do this is a problem which they may consider and perhaps may devise workable means to effect their purpose.

If a group has been corresponding with French children they may make their assembly a French hour. By telling something of France and much of the story of their correspondence, by reading extracts from letters and showing pictures and hand work, they may share with their schoolmates the personal touch they have had with French children. Or they may let it be known through notices on the school bulletin board, in the school paper, or through conversation that they have received such material and will lend it to any class in the school. They may also offer to send a speaker. This gives individuals in the class opportunities to prepare talks for definite grades on France. Here are wonderful possibilities for evaluation of facts, oral expression and healthy contact between classes. It may be possible to arrange to share this material with other schools in the city or in the county. Through such enterprises a city or county school spirit is stimulated.

These children may give a community entertainment through which they share with the people of the community their interest in these French children and the materials received from them. In addition to this, as the letters and portfolios are received there will be beautiful paragraphs, bits of news and information which the local papers will be glad to print and the community people delighted to read.

Any group of Juniors may take advantage of the suggestion on the December page of the calendar and exchange their foreign materials with schools in other cities or counties.

The mail box for the rural school becomes truly a necessity. If any rural school is to receive with surety the materials it lends and those sent it from other schools in the United States and foreign countries it must have a permanent address. This cannot be the teacher's address, but must be the name of the school and the number on its mail box.

THE DECEMBER NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

WOULD your children like to do some of the things Italian children do at Christmas time? "Christmas in Apulia, Italy" (p. 62), tells how these children make poems for their surprise gifts. What American father or mother would not be moved with pride and joy by poetic expressions of child love?

"Christmas in Apulia, Italy" Such presents are beyond the power of money to buy. Children thoroughly enjoy attempting to write poetry, providing they are given enough help to feel confident of success.

Remember an art critic is not to pass upon these verses—parents will see only the excellencies, not the flaws, and child love will shine through, entirely covering up the vehicle. Wouldn't you like to be an invisible guest when father and mother discover these poems under their plates and read them, beaming but with moisture in their eyes?

Would your children enjoy making a Christmas scene (p. 62)? No doubt they have had Christmas trees at home but not sand table scenes interpreted through the Christmas story. For this they will need your help. Rather early in December you may have them make this scene complete in the schoolroom. When they realize what a jolly surprise it would be for them to have such a scene at home on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning, encourage each to plan for it—to make the figures, gather the branches, etc. Then, who will tell the story of Nativity at home? Why, they, of course! Get each to picture all his family gathered around the scene of the Nativity while he tells the story. What a beautiful family Christmas!

But is it worth while from a school point of view? Surely no more effective or desirable motive could be found for children to gather the facts and sweetness of the Nativity story.

They may use the sand table and Christmas story to entertain ex-service men in hospitals, other convalescents, or shut-ins. The playlet, "The Junior Tree" (p. 54), is very simple and easy to give for groups in the community or school fellows.

THE Juniors who have written their Christmas poems or made Christmas scenes, conscious they were doing what Italian children are accustomed to do at Christmas, have had comradeship, as it were, with these Italian children. Make this real to them. Would they like to catch step this Christmas just a little with the Czechoslovakian children

"Christmas in Czechoslovakia" also? Your girls may bring in cherry branches at the beginning of the holiday season in Czechoslovakia, just as the girls of that country will be doing at that time. There surely could be no more appropriate time or way to encourage and dignify the desire for home fires.

Your children may wish to learn other stories about St. Nicholas who comes to these children on December 6. They may take special interest in feeding the cats, dogs, and hens the scraps from the Christmas feast because the thoughtful grandmothers do this in Czechoslovakia. Going from house to house to sing carols will have an added interest when they realize how much this

means in Czechoslovakia. Why not note the close of this holiday season in Czechoslovakia by having the story of the Three Wise Men told at morning exercises on January 6?

ARE your children still asking, "What can we do for others this Christmas?" Suggest that in their free time they read "Spreading Cheer All the Year" (pp. 56-57) and mark all the things other boys and girls have done. Then when they discuss Christmas activities they will have many things they wish to do. Interest them in those activities which will be of most value in their school work. Speaking of children not liking compositions—what child is not challenged to write an autobiography or diary of the Christmas box he is sending, be its journey long or short, by reading the diary written by Carl Bean (p. 56)?

IF YOUR children become so interested in making gifts for Christmas that they tend to overlook what others would like to receive, have them read "Gift Boxes for Little Japanese" (p. 59). These children found out what the Japanese children like—tiny doll-papers and bright colored celluloid toys—and sent them.

"Gift Boxes for Little Japanese" "What would these children like?" makes a real and vital geography problem for any class of children who are sending boxes to children in other lands or other parts of the United States. Sending imaginary boxes to children in foreign lands will stimulate thoughtful work accompanied with feeling. If we use this occasionally to brighten up geography work, let us see that the children we are teaching, sooner or later, get to send real boxes to groups of children who especially interest them.

YOUR children will be charmed with the quaint and sprightly pictures (p. 53) done by Austrian children, as you will be with the telling hints dropped concerning Professor Cizek's method of teaching. His, to be sure, is a special school and he himself an artist; nevertheless, for us here **"Dream Pictures From the Heart"** is a more or less vivid picture of how one teacher manages his school so that he may develop the individual child. What a priceless gift of freedom, confidence, and originality is being woven for each child in this school!

WOULD your Juniors like to compete with the athletic records made by the Albanian boys (p. 64)? Let them try and, if they surpass the youth across the water in physical feats, bring some of the spirit aroused by this victory into your English composition class. These Albanian boys "have been in touch with the English language barely two years." **"Albania's Token of Gratitude"** To select and appraise the simple and direct passages on page 64, written by these boys, will surely be a spur to improve the use of our mother tongue.

A STRIKING MESSAGE from MID-EUROPE



NE of the most interesting, because one of the boldest, messages of "Peace on earth, good will to men" yet voiced by any Junior Red Cross publication appears in the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross Magazine. Under the heading, "The United States of Europe," it says:

"You children may think I have made a mistake in writing 'Europe.' Not at all! The United States of Europe already exist, but do you know where? As yet only in the minds of some thinkers. For the present that suffices. Did not our Republic at one time exist only in the minds of a few people? Did not the teachings of Christianity also exist once upon a time in the minds of one or two individuals? And were not democratic-minded people not so long ago but few in number? Ideas also go before deeds, and ideas that exist today will possibly become deeds within the next hundred years. Think what misery, hardship, suffering, and death could be avoided if there were no hostility between State and State in Europe.

"The United States of Europe will not of course be realized until hostility between individual families, between people, and finally between schoolboys and schoolgirls shall have ceased to exist. Learn from your earliest age upwards to be tolerant and united. You can see and hear for yourselves to what hostility between political parties leads—to murder. Is that possible in European society? Dear children, try to spread charity and understanding abroad among yourselves and among all people.

"If we wish to have a beautiful and healthy Europe, we must first have a good Europe. And here we must begin with ourselves. If each one of us be perfect, then all Europe will be perfect. Do you imagine that Europe is very large? It is not: it is only a peninsula attached to Asia! Strive to regenerate Europe by love and sacrifice. Love to your parents leads to love of your country and love of one's country leads to love of all mankind."



From La Pensée et L'Âme Belges, Musée du Livre

Carol singing by roving bands of all descriptions prevails in many parts of Europe during Christmastide. "De rommelpot" in Flanders

Great Britain's Junior Supplement

A monthly supplement issued by The British Red Cross Society breathes a spirit of helpfulness and good cheer. It publishes pictures from many lands and is as interested in the doings of foreign Junior Red Cross organizations as it is in those of the British Isles and British Dominions overseas. A recent number treats of Junior Red Cross school correspondence in this happy way:

"Our pictures show a few of the correspondence portfolios which children are exchanging . . . and some leaves from others. You will see from these how interesting correspondence portfolios can be made. Imagine the delight of a school in the High Alps, hundreds of miles from the sea, when they receive, from their comrades in Honolulu, pictures of the strange and beautiful fish, birds, and flowers which abound in those sun-lapped islands: and how they will set to work to show, in their own correspondence, what pleasant things lie within the bounds of a Swiss valley.

"No one who has seen these portfolios, put together by children for their 'friends across the sea,' can fail to be impressed by the great possibilities of this correspondence in spreading a kindliness of feeling and of understanding between the children of all nations, which may have a great value for the world."

A Word From Poland

"We call a good deed even the smallest action having the purpose to serve," says the Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine. "Or it is to avoid doing anything that can injure anybody. This is exercising love for our fellow creatures."



From a French Cartoon

A "hamper of happiness" and a Christmas card for somebody somewhere in France

CHRISTMAS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA



These are Czecho-Slovakian ideas of how Christmas gifts are brought. It is the Christ spirit or ideal that brings good to children everywhere

CHRISTMAS time—happy time,” sing the children in Czecho-Slovakia and the old carol could be sung certainly all over the world. Only for Czechoslovak children the meaning of these words is more important than elsewhere because for us Christmas time is not a short, happy moment, but it lasts a whole month, a month of happiness, joy, and poetical charm.

Four weeks before Christmas day, the preparation for the holiday begins. Perhaps every day of the “advent” has some meaning, some special custom, or proverb attached to it.

The first day to which all young girls look anxiously forward is St. Barbara day, on December 4. In early morning, immediately after the “advent service” in the church, the girls run into orchards to get some cherry tree branches. They keep them in water in a warm room, and if at Christmas day the branch is covered with blossoms, the girl who kept it is going to get married in the coming year. At least the tradition says so, but I have had for many years wonderful blossoms at Christmas day and still I am not married.

St. Nicholas comes in the evening of December 6. He is a very good old bishop, who looks sometimes very like the American Santa Claus and has many good things for well-behaving children. Besides that, he tells the children about the coming Christ Child.

As the “advent” goes on the excitement of all increases because the day approaches when the little Jesus is going to bring the wonderful Christmas tree. At this time in all villages the evenings of “advent” are spent in a very interesting way. All young girls and women gather after supper on one farm or another, sit down around a great table and prepare the feathers of geese for our fine soft feather beds. The children are there, too, but they do not work, because they laugh all the time and make the feathers fly high in the air. They sit in a corner and listen to the grandmother who tells stories, or they sing. The eyes of the youngsters grow bigger and bigger while they listen to stories of the Child, and many great

By Vlasta Stepanova

decisions and inspirations originate during these quiet evenings.

Finally the Christmas Eve is here. There is a custom, proverb or song for every hour of day perhaps. After the supper, the door magically opens itself, a silver bell rings, and there stands a Christmas tree with a great many lights on, with wonderful things hanging in the branches and with gifts for everybody underneath. While the children forget everything, watching the tree, the grandmother remembers everybody. She gathers the food left on the table and goes out and gives it to cats, dogs, hens, because all the living things have to celebrate the holy night.

At midnight the bells of all churches ring and a solemn service celebrates the birth of the Child. “Gloria in excelsis Deo.” “Peace to everybody of good will,” sing the shepherds in their huts while all the community sing “Child is born in Bethlehem.” The moment when we realize that we are all brothers and sisters is here and brings us peace and joy.

The Christmas day is purely a holiday; all go to church, and, after a great dinner, relatives visit each other. The day of December 26 is again a great day for children. It is “Koleda,” the day of carols. The children “go to Bethlehem,” and on their way stop in the houses of their friends and sing carols and merry songs. No wonder they get fruits, candy, and nuts from the farmers. They have to eat something on their way to Bethlehem—do not you think so, too?

There is still another day to receive gifts. This is New Year. But for children it is the day of Three Kings to which they are looking forward. The Three Kings come from the East to greet the Child, and now, on January 6, they are returning to their homes. They sing about their journey, stopping in each house, blessing the house, and signing their initials on the door.

This is the last day of our Christmas time. On this day the Christmas tree is burned and the dresses of Kings and Saints are stored in attics for another year.

Before the children realize it, winter is over and Spring and Easter bring forth new customs, new songs, “But that is another story—.”

DREAM PICTURES FROM THE HEART



THE two bright Christmas pictures on this page are reproduced from an unusual volume of Christmas pictures done entirely by children—Austrian children—who compose free art classes conducted in Vienna by Professor Cizek. American Juniors have had the privilege to assist in the support of Professor Cizek's free school.

More than a year ago a comprehensive exhibition of the work of this school was held in London. These pictures by children between the ages of 6 and 16 "displayed not only the most vivid imagination and uncanny power of observation, but an unusual freshness of vision and remarkable ability." So writes Edmond Dulac in an introduction to the book. The publishers are Richter & Zollner, Vienna, and Dent, London.

Professor Cizek makes no charge for the particular course, which is given in the children's and the Professor's free time at week ends. "If you ask the Professor what his method of teaching is," says Francesca M. Wilson, in a second introductory contribution to the book, "he will reply, 'Not to teach.' The impression made upon the stranger, who drifts into Professor Cizek's class, confirms this paradox. He sees a crowd of children working at all sorts of different things in whatever way and with whatever tools they please. Some are standing up at an easel, daubing away at a picture six feet long, others are chipping away at a wood-cut, or making a Madonna in appliqué satin, or cutting colored paper out and sticking it together to make a design, or modeling in clay.

"The teacher he finds only after several moments' search, wandering about in the classroom, with a look of benign and amused participation, but perfectly detached and free from responsibility. It is true he is always ready to be consulted by his pupils and to encourage and admire, but he refuses with scorn to tell them what they ought to do or how they should do it. And . . . the stranger will see in the pictures and models they are making a sense of form and rhythm and color, and a boldness of attack, such as he has never seen in any other school.

"How is this miracle performed? He (Professor



"The stockings look as if they were full of nothing but apples and oranges, but there is sure to be something very precious in the toes"

Cizek) believes that all children have something to express and that they work almost entirely out of emotion. He has no sympathy with them when they copy, either from memory of some picture or from objects in front of them in the classroom. They are doing this with their heads, he tells them; unless they make things they feel, and things they dream of in their hearts, their work is of no value. And it should be their own feeling, not a copy of somebody else's—he demands sincerity.

"Once a fortnight he sets the whole class a subject, at the end of the lesson he pins up their work on the wall, and discusses each picture separately while the whole class listens. . . . He shows the keenest artistic and sympathetic insight into what they have been struggling to express. He does not point out faults: the great stress he lays on excellence of color, conception, and design, makes a much deeper impression on their minds than negative criticism. The pictures in this book are the result of one of these class lessons."

The volume of pictures was made possible by the co-operation of a Vienna lithographer, Herr Berger, described as a charming elderly man, "who, with his side-whiskers, his old-world courtesy, and his passion for his craft, seems as if he belonged to the Vienna of Mozart or of Schubert rather than to the twentieth century."



"Gretel has been given a doll which can open and shut its eyes. Otto is looking at it and saying 'Never have I seen such a wonderful thing'"

THE JUNIOR TREE A CHRISTMAS PLAYLET

By FLORENCE K. ADAMS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUNIOR RED CROSS COMMITTEE (4 in number, BETTY, HILDA, RICHARD, EDWARD).

EIGHT OTHER SCHOOL CHILDREN (CHARLOTTE, small girl; LITTLE MARY, kindergarten child; THOMAS, ROBERT, small boys; PHILIP, BILLY, larger boys; CELIA, ANNE, large girls).

HARRY, a little "newsie."

KANDY KID, a small boy.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, a tall graceful girl.

LOVING THOUGHTS, 4 girls with butterfly wings.

SANTA CLAUS.

FOREIGN CHILDREN (nations represented may vary according to the costumes available—Dutch, British, Czechoslovak, French, German, Norwegian, Italian, Serbian, Russian, Armenian, Chinese).

Scene is set as a living room in a city home. There is a fireplace at the back. A Christmas tree stands at one side, a door is opposite it. JUNIOR RED CROSS COMMITTEE is busy with the tree.

HILDA: This is our first Junior Red Cross Christmas Tree. I do hope we can have it just loaded with presents.

BETTY: The tree itself was our first present. Those children in the country picked out a beautiful tree for us.

RICHARD: Now that we have all the decorations on I wish someone would hurry up and bring something.

EDWARD: Our presents look pretty lonesome! All the members promised to send something. I wish some one would come!

BETTY: You have your wish. Here comes a little girl.

CHARLOTTE (a small girl, enters, looking lovingly at the doll she holds. Addresses doll): You've been the dearest doll I ever had! Now go, Dolly dear, and make some other little girl as happy as you have made me. (Hugs doll, then hurries forward and holds it out.) Here's my doll for the tree.

HILDA: What a nice doll, Charlotte. How some little girl will love her! (They go together to put the doll on the tree. Two small boys enter with toys.)

THOMAS: Here are some of our toys for the Junior Red Cross tree. Any place for them?

EDWARD: Yes indeed. We will put them here. (They place the toys on or by the tree. The small boys are much pleased.)

THOMAS (to Robert): They look well, don't they?

ROBERT: Yes, I'm glad I mended that boat so carefully. It looks as good as new now.

LITTLE MARY (a very small girl, comes in holding something behind her): That's a very nice Christmas tree.

BETTY: It's our Junior Red Cross Christmas Tree, Mary, and we are putting presents on it for children all over the world.

LITTLE MARY: I'm afraid you won't like what I brought.

HILDA: I'm sure we will. What is it?

LITTLE MARY: I made it all myself but it isn't very good. (She shows a homemade doll.)

BETTY (kindly): That is a lovely dolly! See all the neat little stitches.

LITTLE MARY (delighted): Oh, will it do? Do you think someone will like it?

HILDA: Of course someone will! Come, see where it will hang on the tree.



BETTY: Oh, who is this?

HARRY (a little newsboy, enters room. He is poorly clad and carries a red geranium growing in a tin can. Shyly): Is this the tree for folks that haven't any Christmas presents?

BOYS AND GIRLS (proudly): Yes, it's our Junior Red Cross Tree.

HARRY: My sister read about you. She's lame you know. She grew this flower in the house. She thought maybe you could send it to some sick person in a hospital or somewhere.

RICHARD: That's a fine idea.

BETTY: We hadn't thought about sick folks.

HILDA: Thank you so much and your sister, too. Plants are lovely gifts. Do stay and enjoy our tree.

HARRY: Oh, I'd like to.

EDWARD: You sell papers, I see.

HARRY: I don't sell many because I'm too little. When I'm a big boy I'll sell ever so many and earn money so I can join the Junior Red Cross.

RICHARD: You don't have to wait to be a big boy, if you go to a school enrolled in Junior Red Cross.

EDWARD: You just do a service, Harry, that means a kindness, for someone. Our motto is "I Serve."

BETTY: I think he has done a real service already. You attend our school, don't you?

HARRY: Sure, I do.

EDWARD: We have the Record Book? We'll enroll him right away. What is your name?

HARRY: Harry Hall.

EDWARD: Give Harry his button, Richard. There you are, Harry.

HARRY (looking at the button on his ragged coat): I like that! Can I get another button when I do another service? I want a whole row of them.

RICHARD (laughing): When you get your button, Harry, it is for a whole year, but you keep right on doing kindnesses. We all mean to.

HARRY: All right. I'll let my sister wear my button Sundays. That will be a kind deed.

BETTY: I think Harry's sister is a Junior at heart. What do you all say?

ALL: Of course she is!

BETTY: And let's all go to see her some time real soon!

ALL: That's a fine idea. We certainly shall.

RICHARD: You wait around here, Harry, and watch our tree grow.

HARRY: All right, I will. (Follows Betty to a seat at the rear of the tree.)

EDWARD: He won't have long to wait. Hear that racket in the hall! Sounds like a whole football team arriving.

RICHARD: My mother says two boys can make as much noise as ten sometimes. (Two large boys come in with toys.)

PHILIP: Here you are! Toys direct from factory to tree!

BILLY: Made in the Manual Training shop. All work guaranteed! This boat really sails! Watch this auto move!

PHILIP: See these jumping jacks and clowns! Watch them! Watch them!

BILLY: Everyone in class made things. The ex-

pressman will bring a big box by and by. We just brought you some samples.

RICHARD: Hurrah for the Manual Training class!

EDWARD: Say, fellows, those things will make some youngster jump for joy.

HILDA: Here come the girls. (Large girls enter with children's garments they have made.)

CELIA: I wish all the class could see it.

BETTY: Show us what you have made. (Girls display the garments.)

ANNE: Maybe they are not so Christmassy as toys.

HILDA: They will make Christmas a happy day for some cold child.

CELIA: The sewing teacher will send the rest of the clothes over in the morning but we wanted some of our work on the tree tonight.

BETTY: I'm so glad you did. They are lovely. Now our tree is finished.

KANDY KID (enters dressed in a cook's white apron and cap. He carries a tray or a basket piled with candy bags): Not complete without the Kandy Kid! Here's the offering of the Cooking Class.

RICHARD: You are always welcome, Kandy Kid.

BETTY: Especially at Christmas time.

(They hang the candy bags on the tree.)

HILDA: Now everyone admire our united efforts.

(They all gaze at the tree with delight. The older children exclaim at its beauty, the little ones clap their hands.)

BETTY: If only our little unknown friends could see this tree.

EDWARD: I wish we could see them tonight.

(The beautiful Christmas Spirit enters with extended hands.)

CHARLOTTE: Oh, are you a fairy?

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Why you all know me, little friends. I'm the Christmas Spirit. Now look! (She waves her wand and Loving Thoughts, four bright beings with butterfly wings, flit in.)

LITTLE MARY: Oh, see the pretty butterflies?

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Those are your Loving Thoughts, dear children. (Loving Thoughts circle about in a graceful dance, the children watch them with delighted eyes.)

BETTY: I didn't know loving thoughts could be so beautiful!

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: And now shall they bring you the little friends from far-away lands you were wishing to see?

EDWARD: Can they go across the ocean?

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Loving Thoughts can go everywhere. (She waves her hand and the Loving Thoughts float away.) Good-by for a little while. (She glides away, or even dances her way out.)

ANNE: Have we been dreaming?

BETTY: How wonderful the Christmas Spirit is!

CELIA: And to see all those strange children!

THOMAS: Do you really think they can bring them?

RICHARD: I'm sure they can.

EDWARD: They didn't get very far! Here they come back again.

BETTY (excitedly): Oh, they're bringing some children!

(The Christmas Spirit and two Loving Thoughts enter with two foreign children.)

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Here are the first of your little friends.

PHILIP: But you couldn't have gone so far?

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: We met them part way. They wanted to know you and their Loving Thoughts were bringing them to see you. Let me introduce Hans of Holland and Yurka of Czechoslovakia.

BETTY: We are so glad to know you.

HILDA: And to have you come to our Junior Red Cross Tree.

RICHARD: Why you wear Red Cross buttons, too.

DUTCH BOY: Of course. We too are Juniors. "I Serve" is our motto also. (They offer gifts.)

HILDA: Oh, did you bring presents for the tree?

CZECHOSLOVAK GIRL: Why, certainly! All Juniors give, for happiness is only found in that way.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Here are some more little friends. (Loving Thoughts enter with three more children. Introducing them): Yolanda from Italy, Sophie from Armenia, and Josef from Serbia.

(All Loving Thoughts retire.)

SERBIAN CHILD: Are we too late?

ITALIAN CHILD: Is there a place for our gifts?

ARMENIAN CHILD: We bring greetings of good will to the most kind Americans.

HILDA: Why this is splendid! And see who is coming!

(Enter Loving Thoughts with British, French, German, Norwegian, Russian, Chinese, etc., girls and boys in costumes of or otherwise identified with their countries.)

BETTY: And you bring presents too, just like a real Santa Claus. How wonderful! How wonderful!

CHINESE CHILD: Who is Santa Claus?

(Santa Claus comes through the chimney.)

SANTA CLAUS: Merry Christmas everybody!

AMERICAN CHILDREN: Why here he is! (They crowd around him.)

CHARLOTTE: Oh, Santa Claus, you always came at midnight before, when we were sound asleep.

ROBERT: You never let us see you before.

SANTA CLAUS: You have learned my secret of making others happy, so you really don't need me any more. What a fine tree you have here!

CHILDREN: We all helped to trim it.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Tell him where it came from.

RICHARD: Red Cross Juniors in the country sent it.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: Come gather round the Christmas tree.

(Children join hands and dance around the tree singing, "COME GATHER ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE." The Loving Thoughts stand, two on each side of the group about the tree keeping time with graceful gestures. The Christmas Spirit is one of the dancers. At the end of the verse the ring breaks up. Santa Claus leads the Christmas Spirit forward.)

SANTA CLAUS: I feel this is going to be the merriest of merry Christmases. The Junior Red Cross is making the Christmas Spirit known everywhere and is helping to bring joy to the whole world.

Song: JOY TO THE WORLD.
(CURTAIN.)





Manning Bros. Photo

Girls of Junior Red Cross in Detroit, Michigan, filling Christmas stockings for deserving children and for service men in Government hospitals

SPREADING CHEER ALL THE YEAR

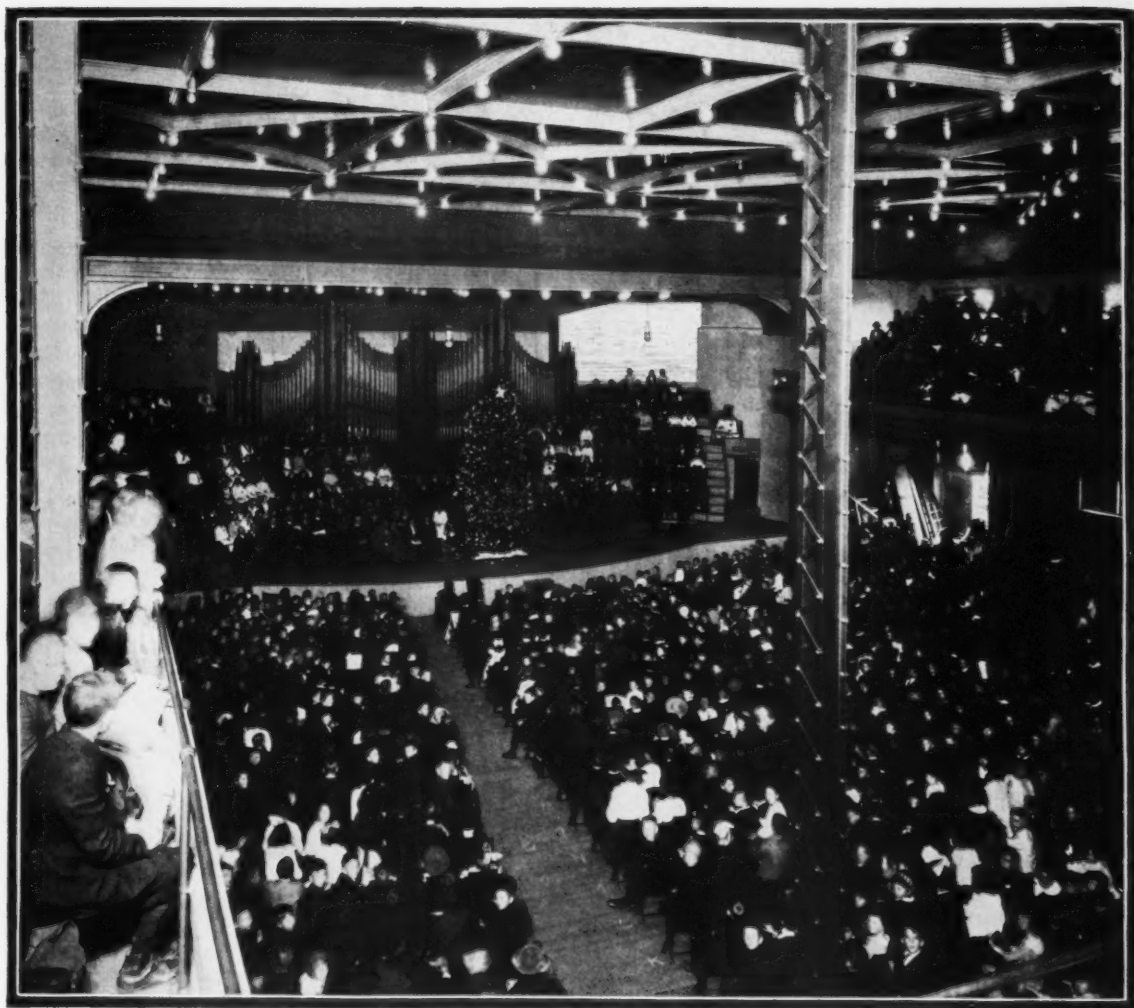
IN Red Lodge, Carbon County, Montana, Junior Red Cross groups have organized what they call Junior Town with an entire set of town officials, from Mayor to Patrolman, and with boys and girls sharing executive responsibilities. The latest report from Red Lodge is that the Junior Town organization includes some three hundred young citizens. Town meetings are held which are both helpful and happy. No event like Halloween or Thanksgiving or Christmas is allowed to pass without "cheer for the cheerless." The Junior Red Cross Pageant will be given this year to finance a big Christmas celebration for miners' children, hospital "shut-ins," and orphans.

"DEAR SKIPPER:

"Happy Christmas greetings! How is the world using you? Well? That's fine. Shiver my timbers but I'll bet you have never played football. I have

played often, receiving many kicks and hard falls." This introduction was written by one of the pupils in the Edward Everett School, Dorchester, Massachusetts, where the school children—all members of the Junior Red Cross—have written personal notes to be sent to the Sailors' Home, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

"I awoke in a warehouse, having been made in a factory the day before," begins the diary of a Junior Red Cross Christmas box, written by Carl Bean, of Bird School, Des Moines, Iowa. "After many days I was shipped to a large brick building called Bird School. Every day for a week children kept dropping toys, candies, and other interesting things under my lid. From there I was sent on my journey. Upon arriving in New York I was put aboard an ocean liner and sent to Europe. On the way over we had an old-fashioned talking bee. Speaking of the Candy Fam-



View of a Junior Red Cross Christmas celebration in Spartanburg, South Carolina: \$640 was given to the National Children's Fund

ily, I heard a Doll say to a Wash Rag, 'My! They're stuck up!' After landing we were sent to various boys and girls, and I'm sure there was not a happier boy in the world than the one who received me."

Juniors of Trumbull County, Ohio, have done many worth-while things during the year. They purchased material and made 374 garments for needy persons; collected and distributed 125 second-hand garments and many pairs of shoes; contributed candy, oranges, nuts, ice cream, phonograph records and needles, gloves, games, and books, to the County Detention Home; made similar contributions to the Children's Home at Christmas and Easter; sent two boxes of magazines to the Ohio State Penitentiary; furnished gifts at Christmas time for 200 kindergarten children and children of fourteen disabled soldiers; contributed to the National Children's Fund; assisted in Red Cross roll call by typewriting letters; purchased milk for undernourished children, paid rent for a destitute family, and generally covered themselves with glory.

Porto Rican Juniors believe strongly in giving scholarships to deserving boys and girls. They now have several scholarship students in Polytechnic Institute of San German and are helping young Porto Ricans in other educational institutions.

The Juniors of Gentry County, Missouri, are engaged in a booklet contest in which the various schools of the county are entered. Each school enters a booklet on "Our School" containing a story of the school, the community, and things of particular interest in the district. This booklet is illustrated with pictures and drawings. The purpose is to stimulate a local interest and to foster a desire for the improvement of local conditions.

On Thanksgiving Day members of the Junior Red Cross in the Driscoll School and the Boston Trade School for Girls sent ten pounds of candy in daintily decorated baskets to the patients in the Maple Crest Sanatorium, Maple Crest, East Parsonsfield, Maine.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS

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VOL. 5

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 4

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Editor, Junior Red Cross News
AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM

Comfort the poor; protect and shelter the weak; and with all thy might, right that which is wrong. Then shall the Lord love thee, and God Himself shall be thy reward

—Alfred the Great

United in Thought And in Action

"We must prove to ourselves and to other people, too, that we were worthy of the friendship that the American Red Cross testified to us, and by our deeds show that the help we have been supported by we did not use to make us comfortable, but to become good and useful members of society. . . . We have been the first who, for the benefit of the unfortunate children of Japan, have given a concert here in Prague."

The paragraph quoted is from the heart of a charming letter—a letter charming in spirit and in colorful ornamentation—that has come to the National Director of the American Junior Red Cross, in Washington, D. C., from The Bakule Institute for Education through Life and Work, in the capital of Czechoslovakia. Thousands of American Juniors will recall the visit to the United States in the spring of 1923 of a chorus of child-singers from the Bakule school. About the time that American Juniors were making a contribution through their National Children's Fund for the relief of Japanese children following the earthquake, tidal wave, and fire in September, these talented youthful artists and co-workers were thinking along the same lines and raising money for the relief of the young Japanese.

There was one number on the program of the concert in Prague which will serve to increase the delight of American friends over the successes of the Bakule Chorus. In the presence of the diplomatic corps of the Czechoslovak capital, including a Japanese diplomat, these divinely natural child-singers sang the

Japanese national anthem in the language of Japan, just as they had used their linguistic gifts to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" in English.

Looking Westward and Southward

The horizon of the American Junior Red Cross widens and clears day by day. With many important activities at home and a continuing interest in educational and relief work among children in Europe, the organization has found opportunities to become more intimately acquainted with the children of South America and of the Orient. The National Director of the American Junior Red Cross is one of the delegates of the American Red Cross attending a Pan-American Red Cross conference in Buenos Aires, Argentina. It is hoped that an article or articles on South American subjects of interest to Juniors may be available from Mr. Dunn early in the new year. As for the West, Miss Upjohn, the Junior staff artist, will visit Hawaii and the Philippines, and most probably Japan, China, and Siam. Here are rich prospects, indeed!

Is Your Mail Box Ready for the Postman?

Just a reminder in a word that a regulation mail box is a vital need of every rural school, and a legitimate investment to be made out of Junior funds where necessary.

The Christmas Star

By FRANCES KIRKLAND

What makes the Christmas star so bright,
Where does it get its silver light?
All the kind deeds throughout the year
Now help to make its beams more clear;
And all our pleasant words and smiles
Travel for miles and miles and miles,
Until they reach this lovely star
That in the East shines forth afar;
For kindness is the silver light
That makes the Christmas star so bright.

A. R. C.

S. V. E.

J. R. C.

Recreational and Educational Motion Pictures

JUNIOR RED CROSS and AMERICAN RED CROSS motion pictures on subjects of service and hygiene, together with beautiful scenes of foreign lands, are available to schools, churches, clubs, and other non-theatrical organizations through the following libraries of the SOCIETY FOR VISUAL EDUCATION, INC., the exclusive national distributor for these productions.

Rental rates—\$2.00 per reel per day

Make your bookings through distributor nearest you.
Chicago, Ill.—Society for Visual Education, Inc., 806 West Washington Blvd.
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Berkeley, Calif.—Edward H. Mayer, Extension Division, University of California.
St. Paul, Minn.—Saint Paul Institute, 4th St. Front, Auditorium.
Seattle, Wash.—Cosmopolitan Film Exchange, 2022 Third Ave.
Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Film Library, 338 John R. Street.
Atlanta, Ga.—Enterprise Distributing Corp., 104 Walton Street.
Washington, D. C.—Southern Moving Picture Corp., 310 McGill Building.

GIFT BOXES FOR LITTLE JAPANESE



HE children are the most fascinating study of present-day Japan," says *The Japan Magazine*. "The hope of the Nation—the problem of the Empire: the delight of artists—the despair of motorists: the pride of parents—the charges of the state: exuberantly good-natured—smilingly cheerful: energetic in play—industrious in work—ambitious in study: inquisitive—with all the curiosity of children everywhere: shy of manner—modest of demeanor—subject to discipline: ever present—whether your journeyings lead you through populous cities, straggling villages, intensively cultivated farm lands, or bleak mountain sides."

To thousands of the very children to whom this ode was written, living in the regions of Tokyo and Yokohama, which were devastated by earthquake, tidal wave, and fire early in September of this year, American Juniors of the Pacific Coast are forwarding a large shipment of gift boxes. This shipment is due to reach Japan in time for the Japanese New Year festival.

When the Director of the American Junior Red Cross for the Pacific Coast States proposed a greeting to be printed on the boxes, it read, "From the American Junior Red Cross to the Children of Japan. May the New Year bring you joy!" The Japanese Consul General in San Francisco translated this greeting into Japanese in these words, "We pray for a Happy New Year for Japanese Children. From the American Junior Red Cross."

And the delightful contents of those boxes, designed especially to please Japanese children, differ from the contents of Christmas boxes sent to Europe by American Juniors in that brightly colored things and tiny things are particularly desired. Tiny dolls—paper, dolls with wardrobes, ribbons and handkerchiefs, needles, scissors, thread, open-end celluloid thimbles, are among the articles collected for Japanese girls. Boxes intended for the boys contain such articles as tiny hammers, knives, toys, marbles, tops and strings, knitted skull caps. The

boxes for both girls and boys contain picture cards and colored pencils, squares of brightly-colored materials from which they make toys for themselves, wash cloths, brightly-colored soap boxes, hard candies wrapped in oiled paper, dried fruits, but no nuts nor chewing gum.

This friendly effort is only a natural sequence of the country-wide response of Americans to the appeal of the President of the United States

for aid for Japan, following the September disaster. Instead of \$5,000,000 originally asked for, nearly \$11,000,000 was given. The Japanese celebrate the New Year holiday, which is the same as the American, with great ceremony, and it was seen that the actual relief work could be added to by the gift of New Year packages to those little Japanese to whom the holiday

might not otherwise seem joyous.

The American Express Company helped greatly to make real this opportunity for the promotion of world friendship by offering free transportation for the New Year boxes from San Francisco to Japan. A chartered steamer, *S. S. Franconia*, under the direction of the American Express Company, is on a world-encircling cruise, touching at San Francisco December 3. Here it seems that no truly American effort is without its humanitarian aspects. This world cruise of an American vessel has furnished the means of transportation free of charge of thousands of little individual gift boxes and New Year greetings from American children to children of Japan.

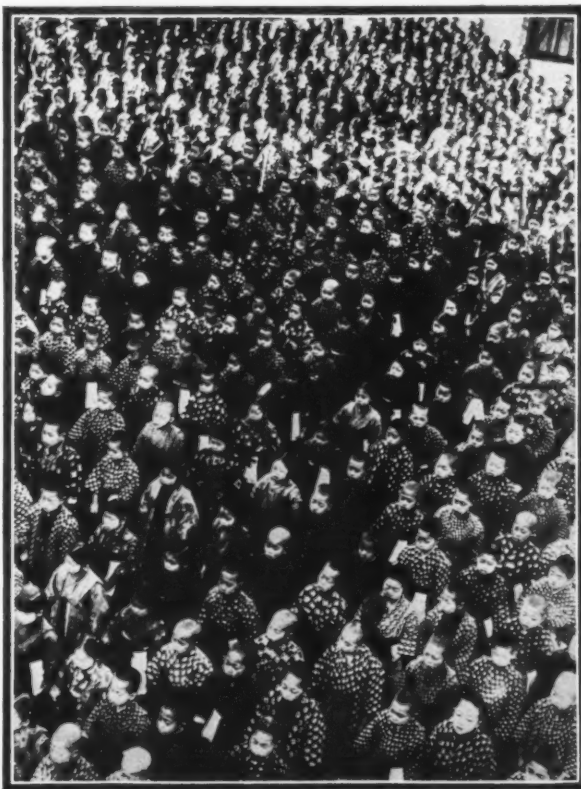
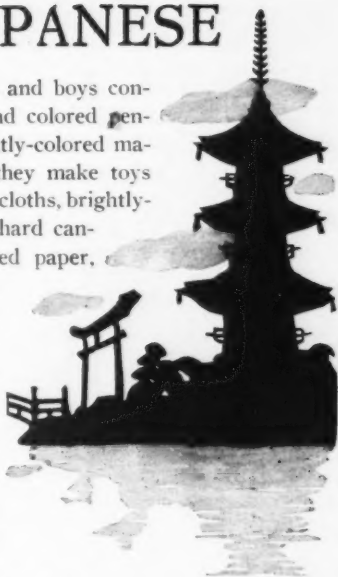


Photo by International Newsreel

Neat, clean, orderly Japanese children waiting to be admitted into a Tokyo school

A PLEASANT LITTLE VISIT TO VOLENDAM

By Carl O. Dennewitz

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

FIRST we must take a "stoomboat," which is the funny-sounding way in which the Hollanders say "steamboat," and cross the harbor of Amsterdam, pulsing with fragrant spices from the Dutch colonies in the far East Indies. Our little boat noses along under the shadow of great, high, white passenger boats which have come in fresh and glistening from long battles with the stormy sea. And it passes under low bridges while the pilot calls the warning to stoop low and look out for your "hoed."

Across the harbor we climb aboard a little, narrow "stoomweg" train which is drawn by something that looks like a teakettle on wheels. Out past busy factories we puff along until we reach the district known as the "Waterland," called waterland because it has the most canals of any place in Holland.

We see Holland now as we have always dreamed about it when we read the story of "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." There are the same low, moist meadows, stretching away green and level, but broken up in checkerboard fashion with silvery canals which gleam out from the green grass. Everywhere, over the landscape, there are great, graceful windmills, with their long arms seeming to turn ever so lazily in the



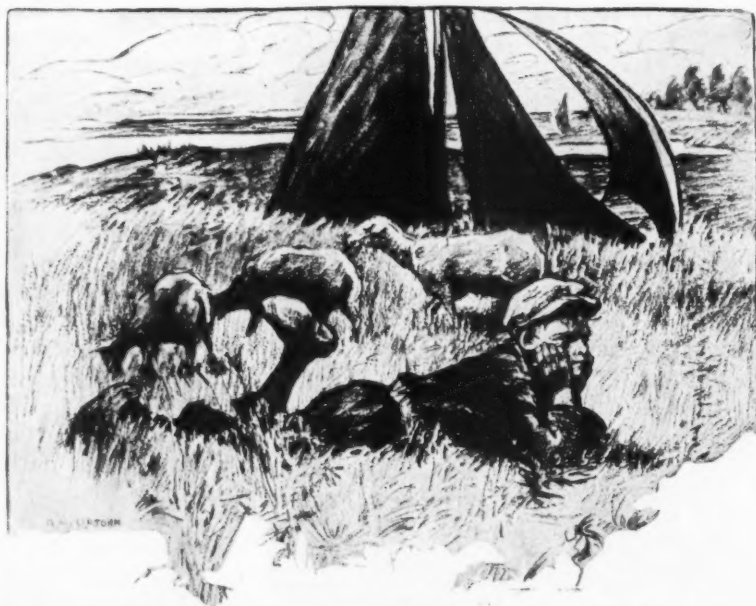
She might be found almost anywhere in Holland

wind. But they are working—day and night—these sentinels over Holland's fields. If they are not grinding corn or sawing wood, they are pumping away the water which ever seeps into the low ground, and lifting it to the canals which carry it away to the sea.

The wheezing little steam tramway for a time parallels the Nord Zee Canal, a broad waterway higher than the bordering meadows. The green fields are dotted with beautiful black and white cows so typical of Holland, for this is the greatest dairyland country of the Netherlands. The herds graze peacefully in the apparently unbroken meadow when, of a sudden, through

the middle of the peaceful scene there flits a stately sail, right across the meadow. The hull of the boat cannot be seen for the high banks of the canal, and the sail appears like a phantom passing over dry land, like the sail of the famous Flying Dutchman which appeared in such unexpected places.

Edam is the end of the "stoom tram" line, so far as your trip to Vollandam is concerned. You descend from the train and walk down a pleasant lane of trees to a little canal, bordered with rushes, and there lies a tiny houseboat with its sails at rest. The houseboat man and his two children load in their cargo and you perch upon a great crate of cabbage. The sail is lifted into the brisk wind and you are off on the "fast express" for your destination.



"Of a sudden . . . there flits a stately sail right across the meadow. The hull of the boat cannot be seen for the high banks of the canal"

Volendam is truly a picture-book town. Here is found the most typical Dutch costume. Elsewhere new fashioned clothes have displaced the voluminous breeches of the men with their big, silver, Dutch "dollars" sewed on each side for buttons. They had done away with the fourteen petticoats that every well-dressed housewife used to wear—with her starched white cap and with its curved wings. But in Volendam it is the same as fifty years ago. In fact, the first man you see will look exactly like the pictures of Old Hendrick Hudson, who was the first to arrive in the city now called New York in America.

If you have never been in Holland before, you will want first to see the "dam" or dike. There it is, stretching along the waterfront as a barrier against the turbulent Zuyder Zee. It is a mammoth pile of brick and stone covering a foundation of twigs woven like basket work. There is a roadway on top with the sea on one side and the little houses nestling comfortably behind it on the other side, only the gables showing above the dike. They are a picture of security and contentment.

And, scattering about on top of the dike are the children of Holland, just as you have always imagined them from the pictures in your story book. Every little girl wears the same costume as her mother and her grandmother, so they look like tiny dolls made in the image of the grown-ups. You remember the story of the boy who held his hand over a hole in the dike and saved his village from destruction. But as you gaze upon the five-year-old youngster dressed just like his father, you wonder how his tiny hand could have done it. Then, again, when you look into his sturdy blue eyes and square little face you see the determination and daring that in her men have made the pages of Holland's history one of the most thrilling romances that can be found in books.

Before every door there is a tiny space paved with colored tile. It is mopped and scrubbed by hand every day and then the yellow bricks of which the streets are made are rubbed with a damp rag until they are as shining as the tile on the dooryard. It seems like carrying cleanliness to extremes, but the Dutch housewife will tell you plainly that she would not give up the custom if she could and that moreover she wouldn't have a hired maid spoiling the job, either.

But just as the little girls learn all the scrubbing and cleanliness, so the little boy learns that he cannot come in from the field and enter the house with his muddy wooden shoes. Oh, no. Both men and boys must remove their shoes before they enter



Holland is noted for its dairying industry. This milkmaid is in the costume of the province of Zeeland

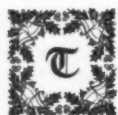
the house. The women knit thick woolen stockings for them just for that purpose. Of course, the women and girls remove their shoes, too, but they do not have to be reminded of it as often as the men.

The old men of Volendam—and there is a score of these wrinkled old veterans of the sea—are a constant source of delight to the boys and girls. In their little canal-girt town they seldom see anything of the outer world, but tales of other ports are told over and over again to them by their grandfathers.

Breathless from the stories of adventure, the youngsters clatter away to school, for Holland is very particular about its children's education. A school room is a noisy place until all the wooden shoes are removed and ranged in a row along the wall like so many little boats. School hours over and home they clatter again, perform their little tasks and then troop to the green meadows just outside the town.



CHRISTMAS IN APULIA, ITALY



HE Christmas dinner in our home was a memorable occasion not alone because of the good things to eat, but also because of a special custom we had of showing our gratitude to our parents. For days before Christmas we would vie with one another in composing the best letter or little poem to express our love for mother and father. Before the Christmas dinner, we would hide these in some place on the table, perhaps folded in a napkin, under the plate of father or mother, and even under the tablecloth. Our parents would first pretend not to see them, and would feign surprise when they were found, and the best part of the Christmas dinner was to hear father and mother read the letters . . .

For days before Christmas Eve we boys would gather soil and sod, twigs and branches, and bringing them to the house, with boxes we would build a miniature Bethlehem. We would make little houses and winding roads, and plant little twig-trees until it looked like a natural hillside. On Christmas Eve father would open a box, which he kept sacredly locked all during the year, and we would take out

myriads—so it seemed to us—of little terra-cotta figures, each representing a character in the story of the Nativity. Under his direction we would place each where it belonged; the Magi just coming over the hill, with only the heads of their camels showing; far in a corner of the room, with a dim candle burning back of it, was the star of Bethlehem; over to the right were the Shepherds keeping their flocks by night; here were the people coming down the hill with their gifts; while near the floor was a little stable with Mary, Joseph, and the Babe in the manger.

Then father would gather all his children in a half circle about Presepio, mother in the center sitting in a small chair like the rest of us, and he would tell us the story. . . .

As I write these lines it is Christmas Eve, and exactly twenty years since I last sat around the Presepio. . . . The home of my childhood is no more, and I am in America—far, far from home. Sometimes, “like tides on a crescent sea beach,” come longings for Italy and the scenes of my childhood.—Constantine M. Panunzio in “The Soul of an Immigrant.”

FROM A FIT FOR SERVICE BOOK



DECEMBER

Drinking Rules.

- ✕ I drink a glass of water before breakfast every morning.
- ✕ I drink at least four glasses of water each day.
- ✓ I do not drink when I have food in my mouth.
- ✕ I drink some milk every day but no tea or coffee.
- ✕ I sometimes have cocoa for breakfast.






NOTE:

Four of these rules I do without thinking. I am going to do my level best on that third one.



HOW OLGA HELPED MARA

A CHRISTMAS STORY FROM JUGO-SLAVIA



HERE was a little girl called Olga. Olga was a good little girl and goodness is the brightest jewel which can be worn by human beings. Olga was as good as a good day of the year, as the saying of our people goes. She wanted to make everyone happy.

You know that all children like toys. Olga's parents often bought her different toys, and Olga gave them away to other children. Last Christmas she received from her mother a complete little kitchen with a lot of fine white porcelain pots and pans. These made her very happy. But it happened that on the day after Christmas the little Mara, her poor cousin, came to see her. As soon as Mara was inside the door she cried, "Let me see your presents!" Olga showed her this fine kitchen. Mara clasped her hands. Oh, how happy you must be, Olgitza (little Olga). Your toys are just splendid!"

"And yours," asked Olga, "what did you get?"

Mara's eyes filled with tears and she stuttered: "No—thing. . . Only some candy. My mother has no money."

Little Olga, as soon as she heard this, divided her pretty presents with Mara. Olga did not regret them because Mara's eyes shone with joy.

Olga went to school and was an industrious pupil, consequently she won a book as a prize. Her mother and father were happy over this and gave her a pretty doll.

Olga loved her doll and named it Ivanka. She often sat and made doll's clothes. Ivanka was Olga's chief delight. She took Ivanka to bed with her and without her she would not eat her lunch. She confided to Ivanka all her joys and sorrows as if she were her very own sister. She would tell her doll all that happened at school, and the doll would stare at Olga with rigid eyes, but still it seemed to Olga that Ivanka was alive, only she didn't yet know how to talk.

Olga played more than ever with Ivanka when Mara came to see her. Nice, gay Maritza (little Mara), used to come every day. The little girls often played with Ivanka and spoiled her. And Mara loved Olga's doll. But one day Mara did not come to school or to Olga's house.

"Mara has forgotten us, Vana" (Ivanka), complained Olga to her doll. But Mara had not forgotten her playmates; she was very ill.

"Mamitza (little mother), let me go and see Mara," begged Olga.

"You cannot go my child, Mara is very ill," said her mother sadly.

"She is very ill!" repeated Olga in a quiet voice.

"Mara is very ill, Vana," cried Olga, holding her doll on her knees. "Vana, how can we help Maritza?"

All night Olga turned and tossed and consulted with Vana how to aid her sick playmate. At last the thought



Perhaps Olga's doll, Ivanka, looked like this dainty little Czechoslovak doll

came—"How would it be to send Mara a toy?" But all her toys seemed so simple that Mara would not care for them. Mara liked—

"Ah! Mara loves Vana," cried Olga suddenly, flushed with joy. "Vana, Mara loves you better than anyone else except her mother and me. My pretty, my very pretty Vana, I shall give you to Maritza."

Hardly had she said this when Olga felt a tugging at her heart. But bravely she dried her eyes wet with tears. At night when she said her prayers before going to bed she remembered first her mother and father, then Mara, then Ivanka, and afterwards the others she cared for. Separation from her favorite would not be easy.

And thus Mara had the beloved doll given her. Olga's mother took it to Mara.

"Mara is better," said her mother, on her return. "Do you know that she felt better as soon as Vana was taken in to her. She cried and laughed with joy. The doctor said that you were worth your weight in gold, and Mara's mother blessed my good little Olga."

Olga now returned bravely to her room and took a book.

For a long time Olga did not play with her toys. She often went to see her little sick friend and read nice stories from children's books. She watched little Mara play with Vana and this amused her more than any other thing. Olga's mother bought her another doll.

The important thing was that Olga was satisfied because she had done a kind deed and she did not regret it. —From Jugo-Slav Junior Red Cross Magazine.

ALBANIA'S TOKEN OF GRATITUDE



WITH heartfelt thanks for what you are doing for Albania, we, the boys of the Albanian Vocational School, dedicate this portfolio to you, the Juniors of America."

This sentence occurs in a letter which introduces an unusual and interesting school "annual" which has come to national headquarters of the American Junior Red Cross, in Washington, D. C., from the Albanian Vocational School, in Tirana, Albania. The book is handmade throughout. It is handsomely bound in leather and every page is hand-lettered. Illustrations are photographs which have been pasted in, or original drawings, some in color, as, for instance, the striking design of the entwined flags of the United States of America and of Albania which appears on this page.

Could there be a more inspiring Christmas card from anywhere than this carefully prepared, ornamented volume done in sheer gratitude for a strong helping hand extended across the sea?

"Those who succeed in an undertaking do so by the right use of the means at hand," explains one of the American instructors in the Albanian school. "Our means are pens, ink, paper, some photographs, a slight writing knowledge of the English language, and, most important of all, the will to do."

And then comes a train of well-written chapters, each by a different boy among the ninety-four students, covering The History of Our School, Student Government, Physical Education, Our Shop, Our Farm, Our Garden, Drawing, Mathematics, Science, English, and a history of the Albanian language. When it is realized that the entire book is written in English by boys from various mountain tribes living in primitive conditions, who have been in touch with the English language barely two years, the volume is all the more remarkable. The Albanian people had been forbidden to speak their mother tongue for a period of 500 years, during the domination of Turkey.

"Many philologists have tried to find the origin of our language," writes Xhafer Zoto, author of the chapter on Albanian Language. "They all agree that this

language is the oldest in the Balkans. A few of them say that the Albanian is the mother of Latin and Greek. Some of them say that this language is one of the Indo-Germanic groups. Others say that it is the old Pelasgian. The Pelasgians were the first people to inhabit the Balkan Peninsula. They came from Asia Minor about 4,000 B. C. Albania was divided into three great divisions, Macedonia, Illyria, and Epiros. Each of these divisions developed different dialects.

Centuries passed and the dialects became very different. The divisions became the different nations, Macedonia, Illyria, and Epirota. The Illyrians became a strong nation and have kept their language to this day.

That is, the Albanians are of this stock and the Albanian language is Illyrian."

In the section of the book dealing with Physical Education, interesting reports are made about achievements of the young athletes of this pioneer school. The high jump was won by Ndoc Gera, who made a record of 1 meter, 37 centimeters (a meter is 39.37 inches, and a centimeter .3937 of an inch). Ismail Chla won the broad

jump of 4 meters, 70 centimeters. Feketch made a hop-step-jump of 9 meters, 88 centimeters. Zilo Chobani ran 50 meters in 7 seconds. Xhafer Zoto won a 100-meter dash in 13 seconds. Ferudin Bachi won the 400-meter race in 59 seconds. Xhafer Zoto also took the prize in an 800-meter event, running the distance in 2 minutes, 21 seconds.

Three hundred and ninety-nine letters written in English were sent through Junior Red Cross international correspondence in the past school year by the students of the Albanian Vocational School. "By letters we have made you to know our country better, our customs, costumes, and language," declares Begir Halil Hachi in the year-book. "But language cannot speak as plainly as doing, if we shall carry out what you Juniors helped us begin, as we deeply have in mind to do. Then you will know how grateful we are to you Juniors. . . . I am sure that the ninety boys of this school, over which the Red Cross flag waves, have understood and will be ready to follow your motto, Service and Friendship."



Design by Rexh Meta, student in the Albanian Vocational School, established by the American Junior Red Cross in Tirana, Albania

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